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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Histrio-Mastix

1610

Date of the only known edition, ... 1610

(*B.M.* C. 34, b. 23.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Histrio-Mastix

1610

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

A.261805

Histrio-Mastix

1610

"Histrio-Mastix, or The Player Whipt," is only known in one edition, from a copy of which, now in the British Museum, this facsimile has been taken.

The play is of especial importance alike to Shakespearean scholars and to students of the general history of the English stage.

The late Mr. R. Simpson dealt somewhat fully with the various points of interest in his "School of Shakspere."

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this reprint with the original copy, reports that the reproduction is "practically perfect, a most admirable facsimile."

JOHN S. FARMER.

HISTRIO-MASTIX:

Or,

THE PLAYER whipt.

Printed for TH: THORP,
1610.

HISTRIO-MASTIX.

Actus primi Scæna prima.

Enter Peace, Grammer, Logick, Rhetorick, Arithmatick, Geometrie, Muſick, and Aſtronomie.

Peace. VNmaske thy face thou miniſter of Time
Looke forth bright mirror, let thy golded hand,
Ride (with diſtinctleſſe motion) on the eyes
Of this fayre *Chorus*, till the Raigne of *Peace*,
Hath propagated *Plenty*, and increaſe.
Now ſit wee high (tryumphant in our ſway,)
Encircled with the ſeauen-fold flower of Art,
To tread on Barbariſme with ſiluer feete;
Theſe, theſe are adiuncts fit to waite on *Peace*,
Who beeing courted by moſt ſearching ſpirits,
Haue alwayes borne themſelues in God-like ſtate,
With lofty foreheads, higher then the ſtarres.
Draw neere fayre Daughters of eternity,
Your Foſtreſſe *Peace*, is (like the aged Nurſſe)
Growne proud to ſee her Children floriſh thus.

Gram. We know not how to turne theſe bounties backe,
But with continuance of obſequious loue,
Whil'ſt *Peace* tryumphes, it lyes in *Grammers* might,
To make the rudeſt braine both ſpeake and write.

Log. Logick ſhall furniſh them with Argument,
And make them apt and able to diſpute;
The theame ſhall be of *Peace*, and her ſweet name,
And euery *Sillogiſm* ſhall proue her fame.

Rhe. Rhetorick will put her richeſt habite on,
Of geſtures, Voice, and exornation,
Her *Tropes* and *Schcames*, ſhall dignifie her ſence,
And Honours *Peace*, with cleareſt eloquence.
Ar. Her graces in my numbers ſhall be ſeene,
So full that nothing can be added more,
Nor ought ſubtracted: true *Arithmetick*
Will multiply and make them infinit.
Muſick. Muſick ſhall feaſt the bounteous eares of *Peace*,
Whil'ſt ſhe inſpires her numnie conceipt with life,
Varying each concord, moode and faculty,
In flowing ſtraynes, and rapting *Symphonie*,
Aſtr. The motions of the Planets and their Spheares,
The Starres, their influence, quantities, conſents,
All that *Aſtronomie* can teach or know,
She doth profeſſe from ſacred *Peace* to flow.
Geo. And I will make her powers demonſtratiue,
In all my angles, circles, cubes, or ſquares,
The very ſtate of *Peace* ſhall ſeeme to ſhine,
In euery figure or dimenſiue lyne.
Peace Inough fayre Virgins Time ſhall prooue this true,
Whil'ſt you do honor *Peace* ſhee'le cheeriſh you.

Enter Mauortius, Philarchus, Larius, Hiletus, Chriſoganus.

Omnes, Honor and ſafety, ſtill attend fayre *Peace*
Peace. Thankes noble Lords and worthy Gentlemen:
But wherefore looke you ſo askaunce on theſe,
As if they were not worthy your ſalutes?
Omnes. Becauſe wee knew them not.
Chri, The more your blame.
Peace. O pittied ſtate! moſt weake, where nobles want
The loue and knowledge of the liberall Arts;
Are you the men (for birth and place) admir'd?
By whoſe great motions, leſſer wheeles turne round?
And ſhall your mindes affect ſo dull a courſe?

As if your ſence where moſt irrationall ?
What is a man ſuperiour to a beaſt
But for his mind ? nor that ennobles him,
While hee deiects his reaſon ; making it
The ſlaue vnto his brutiſh appetite.
Make then your mindes illuſtrious in your deedes
And each chooſe (in this troupe) a ſpowſall mate.

Mauo. Wee doe obay : And I chooſe Muſick firſt.

Phil. I *Geometry.*

Hile. I *Rhetorick.*

Lar. And I *Aſtronomie.*

Chri. And I to be a ſeruant vnto all.

Peace. But now beware yee iniure not the fame
Of theſe bright Virgins with adulterate loue,
Meane time their ſeruant (heere) *Chriſoganus*
Shall teach of euery Art the miſterie.

Exeunt Peace *and* Arts.

Mauo. But if (by Art) as all our Artiſts ſay,
There is no reall truth to be attain'd,
Why ſhould wee labour in their loues beſtow ?
The wiſeſt ſaid : *I know I nothing know,*

Chri. The wiſeſt was a foole for ſaying ſoe :
That Oracle pronounc'd wiſe *Socrates* :
For doe I know I ſee you, or the light ?
Or do you know you heere mee, or I touch you ?

Phil. All this wee needes muſt know aſſuredly.

Chri. If this bee certaine then which comes from ſence,
The knowledg proper to the ſoule is truer ;
For that pure knowledg by the which wee know
A thing to bee, with true cauſe how it is,
Is more exact then that which knowes it is,
And reacheth not to knowledge of the cauſe.
Beſides ; that knowledge (that conſiders things
Abiunct from ſenciue matter) is exacter
Then that which ioynes it ſelfe with elements;
Arithmetick euer conſiders numbers

Abſtract

Abſtract from ſenciue matter: *Muſick* ſtill
Conſiders it with ſence, as mixt with ſound:
Therefore *Arithmeticque* is more exact,
And more exact then is *Geometrie*:
Since *vnitas* is ſtill *ſimplicior puncto*,
And number ſimpler then is magnitude.
For *Vnitas* may ſtill be *ſine puncto*,
But *Punctus* neuer without Vnitie,
Nor; *Magnitudo ſine Numere*.
Dum (enim) punctus ponitur, ponitur (ex neceſsitate) vnitas.
Mauo. But all this prooues not wee may know a truth.
Chri. If wee haue this wee call *Scientia*,
We muſt haue truth of meere neceſſity,
For *Acrineia* doth not ſignifie,
Onely a certainty in that wee know,
But certainty with all perfection.
Phil. Although I am not ſatisfied in this,
It doth me good to heare him thus diſcourſe.
Mauor. My Lords, let's betake vs to our ſtudies.
Phil. In nothing am I better pleaſ'd, let's goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Incle, Belch, Gutt, Poſt-haſt.

The Players Song.

The nut-browne ale, the nut-browne ale,
Puts downe all drinke when it is ſtale,
The toaſt, the Nut-meg, and the ginger,
Will make a ſighing man a ſinger.
Ale giues a buffet in the head,
But ginger vnder-proppes the brayne:
When ale would ſtrike a ſtrong man dead,
Then nut-megge tempers it againe,
The nut-browne ale, the nut-browne ale,
Puts downe all drinke when it is ſtale.

Incle.

Inc. This *Peace*, breeds ſuch Plenty, trades ſerue no turnes
Bel. The more fooles wee to follow them.
Poſt. Lett's make vp a company of Players,
For we can all ſing and ſay,
And ſo (with practiſe) ſoone may learne to play.
Incle. True, could our action anſwer your *extempore*.
Poſt. I'le teach yee to play true *Politicians*,
Incle. Why thoſe are th'falſeſt ſubtle fellowes liues.
Bel. I pray ſir, what titles haue trauailing *Players?*
Poſt. Why *proper-fellowes*, they play Lords and Kings.
Idcle. What parts would beſt become vs (ſir) I pray?
Bel. Faith to play Roagues, till wee bee bound for running away.
Poſt. Content; Scriuener, hoe,
You muſt tye a knott of Knaues togither.

Enter a Scriuener.

Scri. Your appellations?
Poſt. Your names he meanes; the man's learn'd.
Belch I *Belch* the Beard-maker.
Gut. I *Gutt* the Fiddle-ſtring-maker.
Incle. I *Incle* the Pedler.
Poſt. I Maiſter *Poſthaſt* the Poet.
Scri. Your nomenclature?
Poſt. O ſtately Scriuener, thats wher dwell yee?
Omnes. Towneſmen, towneſmen all.
Scri The Obligatories Condition?
Poſt. Politician Players. *Exit. Scriuener.*
Bel. But whoſe men are wee all this while?
Poſt. Whoſe but the merry Knight's, ſir *Oliuer Owlets*,
There was neuer a better man to Players.
Gut. If our parrell be not poynt-deuice the fatt's i'th fire.
Poſt. What a greazie phraſe: This playing will furniſh yee.
Bel. What hoe Maiſter *Bougle*, a word.
Poſt. Heeres halfe a dozen good fellowes.
Clout. Soft ſir, wee are but foure or fiue.
Poſt. The liker to thriue.

Enter Bougle.

Boug. What ſaucy knaues are theſe?

Poſt. A ſpeakes to you *players*; I am the *poett.*

Bel. As concerning the King and the Clowne.

Boug. Will you haue rich ſtuffe indeed?

poſt. Tis not to be dealt on without ſtore of drinke.

Boug. Store of money you would ſay.

poſt. Nay tis well ſaid, for drink muſt clap vp the bargaine. Lets away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fourcher, Voucher, Velure, Lyon-raſh and Chriſoganus in his ſtudy.

Theſe Merchants and Lawyers enter two and two at ſeuerall doores.

Lyon. Maiſter *Fourcher*, how fares your body ſir? come you from your booke?

Four. Troth Maſter *Lyon-raſh*, this *Peace* giues Lawyers leaue to play.

Velure. Maiſter *Vourcher*? you are very well incountred ſir?

Voucher Maiſter *Velure*, I value your friendſhip at as high a price, as any mans.

Lion. Gentlemen, how ſhall wee ſpend this after-noone?

Four. Fayth lets goe ſee a Play.

Vel. See a Play, a proper paſtime indeed: to heere a deale of prating to ſo little purpoſe.

Vour. Why this going to a play is now all in the faſhion.

Lyon. Why then lets goe where wee may heare ſweet muſick and delicate ſongs, for the Harmonie of muſick is ſo Heauenlike that I loue it with my life.

Four. Nay faith this after-noone weele ſpend in hearinge the Mathematickes read.

Vel. Why then lets to the *Academy* to heare *Criſoganus.*

Omnes. content.

So all goe to Chriſoganus *ſtudy, where they find him reading.*

Four.

Four. Maiſter *Chriſoganus*: by your leaue ſir.
Chri. Gentlemen you are welcome.
Fur. I pray ſir what were the beſt courſe for a ſcholler?
Chri. Why no man can attaine to any truth,
But he muſt ſeeke it *Mathematicé.*
Four. Which are the *Mathematicque* ſciences?
Chri. Arithmetick and Geometry are chiefe.
Vel. What difference is there twixt *philoſophy*
And knowledge which is *Mathematicall?*
Chri. This ſir: the naturall Philoſopher
Conſiders, things as meerely ſenſible;
The *Mathematician*; *vt mente abiunctas a materia ſenſibili,*
But this requireth time to ſatisfy;
For 'tis an *Axiome* with all men of Art,
(*Mathematicum abſtrahentem non comittere mendacium:*
And (for the beauty of it,) what can be
Vrg'd (more extractiue) then the face of heauen?
The miſteries that Art hath found therein:
It is diſtinguiſht into Regions,
Thoſe Regions fil'd with ſundry ſorts of ſtarres:
They (likewiſe) chriſtned with peculiar names,
To ſee a dayly vſe wrought out of them,
With demonſtrations ſo infallible,
The pleaſure cannot bee, but rauiſhing.
Fur. The very thought thereof enflameth mee.
Chri. Why you ſhall meet with proiects ſo remou'd
From vulgar apprehenſion, (as for inſtance,)
The Sunne heere riſeth in the Eaſt with vs,
But not of his owne proper motion,
As beeing turn'd by *primum mobile,*
(The heauen aboue *Cœlum ſtellatum*)
Whereas his true aſſcent is in the Weſt,
And ſo hee conſummates his circled courſe
In the Ecliptick line, which partes the Zodiack,
Being borne from Tropick to Tropick: this time
Wee call a yeere; whoſe *Hieroclyphick* was

(Amongſt the *Egyptians* figured in a Snake
Wreath'd circular, the tayle within his mouth:
As (happily) the Latines (ſince) did call,
A Ring, (of the word *Annus*) *Annulus*,
Vour. I apprehend not in my ableſt powers,
That once in euery foure and twenty houres,
The Sunne ſhould riſe and ſette; yet bee a yeare
In finiſhing his owne deſigned courſe.
Chri Why that I will demonſtrate to you, thus;
Turne a huge wheele: contrary to the ſway
Place mee a flye vppon't: the flye (before
It can arriue the poynt from whence it went)
Shall fundry times be circumuolu'd about;
Euen ſo the Sunne and the affinities:
For if you wonder how at one ſelfe houre,
Two of diſcordant natures may be borne,
As one a King, another ſome baſe Swaine,
One valiant, and the other timerous,
Let but two droppes of incke or water fall
Directly on ſo ſwift a turning wheele,
And you ſhall find them both caſt farre in ſunder.
Euen ſo the heauenly *Orbs*, whirling ſo faſt
And ſo impetuouſly (proiect mens fates)
Moſt full of change and contrariety.
Four. Good faith theſe knowledges are very rare,
And full of admiration; are they not?
Chri. The *Mathematicques* are the ſtrength of truth,
A *Magazine* of all perfection.
Vour. Shall wee deſigne ſome place for exerciſe,
And euery morning haue a Lecture read.
Four. Content, (if ſoe *Chriſoganus* ſtand pleaz'd)
His exhibition ſhall be competent: wee'le all be Patrons.
Chri. To make you Artiſts, anſweres my deſire,
Rather then hope or mercenary hire. *Exeunt*

Enter.

Enter harueſt-folkes with a bowle: after them, Peace leading in Plenty. Plutus with ingottes of gold. Ceres with ſheaues: Bacchus with grapes.

The harueſt-folkes Song.

Holyday, O bleſſed morne,
This day Plenty *hath beene borne,*
Plenty *is the child of* Peace;
To her birth the Gods do preaſe,
Full crown'd Mazors Bacchus *brings,*
With liquor which from grapes hee wringes:
Holliday, O bleſſed morne;
This day Plenty *hath bin borne,*
Holliday let's loudly cry,
For ioy of her natiuity.
Ceres *with a bounteous hand,*
Doth at Plenties *elbo ſtand:*
Binding mixed Coronets,
Of wheat which on her head ſhe ſets.
Holliday, O bleſſed morne,
This day Plenty *hath bin borne,*
Holliday lets loudly cry,
For ioy of her natiuity.

Peace. Reach me the bowle with rich *Autumnian* Iuice,
That I may drinke a health to your new Queene.
Times winged howers (that poynted out my raygne,)
Are fled; I am no more your Soueraigne.
Wound Ayre with ſhrill tun'd Canzonets,
I robbe my ſelfe to make my Daughter rich,
Peace doth reſigne her pure imperiall Crowne,
(Wrought by the Muſes) in whoſe Circle grow
All flowers that are to *Phœbus* conſecrate. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus *primi.*

Histrio-mastix.

Actus secundi, scæna: 1.

Enter Plenty *in Maiesty, vpon a Throne, heapes of gold*, Plutus, Ceres; *and* Bachus *doing homage.*

Plen. What heauenly soueraignty supports my state
That *Plenty* raignes (as Princesse) after *Peace?*
Then if this powerfull arme can turne the howre,
It is my will, (and that shall stand for law)
That all thinges on the earth bee plentifull.
I crush out bounty from the amber grape,
And fill your barnes with swelling sheaues of Corne,
How can this, but engender blessed thought,
Especially when Gods our good haue sought?

Ceres. For thee, thy seruants captiuate the Earth,
Her fruitfulnes fals downe at *Plentyes* feete.

Bach. Bachus will cheere her melancholly sence,
With droppes of Nectar from this Crimson Iuyce.

Plut. Her body shall sustaine ten thousand wounds,
And swarthy India be transform'd to Sea,
Disgorging golden choller to the waues,
Before sweet *Plenty* find the least defect.

Plen. For this aboundance powr'd at *Plenties* feet,
You shall be Tetrarch's of this petty world.

Enter Mauortius, Philarchus, Chrisoganus.

Mauo. What dullards thus, would dote in rusty Arte?
Plod ding vpon a booke to dull the sence,
And see the world become a treasure-house,
Where Angells swarme like Bees in *Plenties* streets,
And euery Peasant surfets on their sweetes?

Phil. Giue mee a season that will sturre the blood

I like not Nigardice to hungar-ſtarue,
Tis good when poore men frolicke in the hall,
The whil'ſt our fathers in the Chambers feaſt,
And none repines at any ſtraunger-gueſt.
Chri. Who was the authour of this ſtore, but *Peace?*
That common-welth is neuer well at eaſe,
Where Parchment ſkinnes, whoſe vſe ſhould beare records,
Muſt head their brawling Drummes and keepe a coyle,
As if they threatned *Plenty* with a ſpoyle.
Plenty. Your houſes muſt bee open to the poore,
Your duſty Tables fill'd with ſtore of meate,
Let goodly yeomen at your elboes ſtand,
Swords by their ſides and trenchers in their hand:
Long-skirted coates, wide-ſleeues with cloth inough:
Thus Lords, you ſhall my gouernment en'arge,
Reuerence your Queene, by practizing her charge.
Omnes Ours be the charge and thine the Empire.
Exit Plenty.

The bring her to the doore and leaue her.

Mauo. Gallants let vs inuent ſome pleaſing ſportes,
To fit the Plentuous humor of the Time,
Chri. What better recreations can you find,
Then ſacred knowledge in diuineſt thinges.
Phil. Your bookes are Adamants and you the Iron
That cleaues to them till you confound your ſelfe
Mauor. Poore Scholler ſpend thy ſpirits ſo and dye.
Phil. Let them doe ſoe that liſt, ſo will not I.
Mauo. I cannot feed my appetite with Ayre,
I muſt purſue my pleaſures royally,
That ſpung'd in ſweat, I may returne from ſport,
Mount mee on horſe-back, keepe the Hounds and Haukes,
And leaue this Idle contemplation,
To rugged Stoicall Moroſophiſts.
Chri. O! did you but your owne true glories know;
Your iudgements would not then decline ſo low.

Phil. What Maiſter *Pedant*, pray forbeare, forbeare.
Chri. Tis you my Lord that muſt forbeare to erre,
Phil. 'Tis ſtill ſafe erring with the multitude:
Chri. A wretched morall; more then barbarous rude.
Mauo. How you tranſlating-ſcholler? you can make
A ſtabbing *Satir*, or an *Epigram*,
And thinke you carry iuſt *Ramnuſia's* whippe
To laſh the patient; goe, get you clothes,
Our free-borne blood ſuch apprehenſion lothes.
Chr. Proud Lord, poore Art ſhall weare a glorious crowne,
When her deſpiſers die to all renowne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Contrimen, to them, Clarke of the Market: hee wrings a bell, and drawes a curtaine: whereunder is a market ſet about a Croſſe.

Con. Wher's this drunkard Clarke to ring the bell?
Clar. Heigho, bottle Ale has buttond my cappe.
Corne-b. Whats a quarter of Corne?
Seller. Two and ſix-pence.
Corne-b. Ty't vp tis mine.

Enter a Marchants wife, with a Prentice, carrying a hand-basket.

Wife. ha' y' any Potatoes?
Seller. Th'aboundance will not quite-coſt the bringing.
Wife. What's your Cock-ſparrowes a dozen?
Sell. A penny Miſtreſſe.
Wife. Ther's for a dozen; hold.

Enter Gulch, Belch, Clowt, and Gut. One of them ſteppes on the Croſſe, and cryes a Play.

Gulch. All they that can ſing and ſay,
Come to the Towne-houſe and ſee a Play,
At three a clocke it ſhall beginne,

The fineſt play that e're was ſeene.
Yet there is one thing more in my minde,
Take heed you leaue not your purſes behinde.

Enter a Ballet ſinger, and ſinges a Ballet.

Bal. What's your playes name? Maiſters whoſe men are ye?
how the ſigne of the Owle ith Iuy buſh? *Sir Oliuer Owlets.*
Gul. Tis a ſigne yee are not blind Sir.
Belsh. The beſt that euer trode on ſtage.
The Laſciuious Knight, and *Lady Nature.*
Poſt. Haue you cry'd the Play, maiſters?
Omnes. I, I, I, no doubt we ſhall haue good doeings, but
How proceed you in the new plot of the prodigall childe?
Poſt. O ſirs, my wit's grown no leſſe p'entiful then the time.
Ther's two ſheets done in follio, will coſt two ſhillings in rime.
Gut. Shall we heere a flurt before the audience come.
Poſt. I that you ſhall, I ſweare by the Sunne--ſit down ſirs,

Hee reades the Prologue, they ſit to heare it.

When Auſthours quill, in quiuering hand,
His tyred arme did take:
His wearied Muſe, bad him deuiſe,
Some fine play for to make.
And now my Maiſters in this brauadoe,
I can read no more without Canadoe.
Omnes. What hoe? ſome Canadoe quickly,

Enter Vintner with a quart of Wine.

Poſt. Enter the Prodigall Child; fill the pot I would ſay,
Huffa, huffa, who callis for mee?
I play the Prodigall child in iollytie.
Clout. O deteſtable good.
Poſt. Enter to him Dame Vertue:
My Sonne thou art a loſt childe,
(This is a paſſion, note you the paſſion?)

And hath many poore men of their goods beguil'd:
O prodigall childe, and childe prodigall.
Read the reſt ſirs, I cannot read for teares,
Fill mee the pot I prethe fellow *Gulch.*
Gutt. Faith we can read nothing but riddles.
Poſt. My maiſters, what tire weares your lady on her head?
Bell. Foure Squirrels tailes ti'de in a true loues knot.
Poſt. O amiable good, 'tis excellent.
Clout. But how ſhall we doe for a Prologue for lords?
Poſt. Ile doo't extempore.
Bel. O might we heere a ſpurt if need require.
Poſt. Why Lords we are heere to ſhew you what we are,
Lords wee are heere although our cloths be bare,
In ſteed of flowers, in ſeaſon, yee ſhall gather Rime and Reaſon?
I neuer pleas'd my ſelfe better, it comes off with ſuch ſuauity.
Gul. Well fellowes, I neuer heard happier ſtuffe,
Heer's no new luxurie or blandiſhment,
But plenty of old Englands mothers words. (State,
Clout. I'ſt not pitty this fellow's not imploid in matters of
But wher's the *Epilogue* muſt beg the *plaudite?*
Poſt. Why man?
The glaſſe is runn, our play is done,
Hence Time doth call, wee thanke you all.
Gulſh. I but how if they doe not clap their hands.
Poſt. No matter ſo they thump vs not,
Come, come, we poets haue the kindeſt wretches to our Ingles
Belſh. Why whats an Ingle man?
Poſt. One whoſe hands are hard as battle-dores with clapping at baldneſſe.
Clout. Then we ſhal haue rare Ingling at the prodigal child.
Gul. I ant be playd vpon a good night---lets giue it out for
Poſt. Content. (Friday.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My maiſters; my Lord *Mauortius* is diſpos'd to heere what you can doe.
Belſh. What fellowes, ſhall we refuſe the Towne-play?

Poſt.

Poſt. Why his reward is worth the *Maior* & all the towne.
Omnes. Weele make him mery ifaith, weele be there. *Exeũt*

Enter Velure and Lyon-rash, with a Water-ſpaniell, and a Duck.

Vel. Come firs, how ſhall we recreate our ſelues,
This plentious time forbids aboad at home.
Lyon. Let's Duck it with our Dogs to make vs ſport,
And croſſe the water to eate ſome Creame;
What hoe? Sculler.
Vel. You doe forget; *Plenty* affoords vs Oares.

Enter Furcher, and Vourchier, with bowes and arrowes.

Four. What ſhall we ſhoote for a greene Gooſe ſir?
Vour. Ther's a wiſe match.
Fur. Faith we may take our bowes and ſhafts and ſleepe,
This dreaming long vacation giues vs leaue.
Vel. Gentlemen, well met, what? *Pancrace* Knights?
Vour. The bounty of the time will haue it ſo.
Four. You are prepard for ſport, as well as we.
Vour. One of the goodlieſt Spaniels I haue ſeene.
Lyon. And heere's the very quinteſſence of Duckes.
Fur. For diuing meane yee?
Lyon. I, and thriuing too.
For I haue wonne three wagers this laſt weeke;
What? will you goe with vs and ſee our ſport?
Vour. No faith ſir, Ile go ride and breath my horſe.
Vel. Why whether ride you? we will all goe with you.
Vour. Lets meet ſome ten miles hence to hawke & hunt.
Lyon. Content: this plenty yeelds vs choiſe of ſports.
Our trades and we are now no fit conſorts. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vsher of the Hall; and Clarck of the Kitchin.

Vsher. Maiſter Clarke of the Kitchin.; faith what's your dayly expence.
Clar. Two beeues, a ſcore of Muttons;
Hogſheads of Wine, and Beere, a doozen a day.

Vſh. Neuer was Age more plentifull.
Clar. Vſher, it is my Lords pleaſure, all comers bee bounteouſly entertaind.
Vsher. I but iſt my Ladies pleaſure.
Cla. What elſe? She ſcornes to weare cloth-breeches man.

Enter Porter.

Porter. A Morrice-daunce of neighbours craue admittance.
Clar. Porter, let them in man.

Enter Morrice-dancers.

Butler, make them drinke their skinnes full.
Omnes mor.dan. God bleſſe the founder.
Clar. Porter, are theſe Players come?
Port. Halfe an houre a goe ſir.
Clar. Bid them come in and ſing, the meat's going vp. *Exit*
Vsh. Gentlemen and yeomen, attend vpon the Sewer.

Enter Players, with them Poſt-haſt the Poet.

Vsh. Sir *Oliuer Owlets* men welcome, by Gods will,
It is my Lords pleaſure it ſhould be ſo.
Poſt. Sir, we haue carowſt like Kings,
For heere is plenty of all things.
Vsh. Looke about you Maiſters; be vncouer'd.

Enter Sewer with ſeruice, in ſide liuery coates.

The Players Song.

BRaue ladds come forth and chant it, and chant it,
for now 'tis ſupper time.
See how the dishes flaunt it, and flaunt it,
with meate to make vp rime.
Pray for his honor truly, and truly,
in all hee vndertakes;
He ſerue's the poore moſt duly, and duely,
as all the country ſpeakes.

Poſt. God bleſſe my Lord *Mauortius*, & his merry men all,
To make his honour merry, we ſing in the hall.

Vſh. My

Vſh. My Maiſters, for that we are not onely (for cauſes)
Come new to the houſe; but alſo (for cauſes)
I marualle where you will lodge, (our heads.
Poſt. We hope (for cauſes) in the houſe, though drinke be in
Becauſe to *Plenty* we carowſe, for beefe and beere, and beds.
Vſh. Sed like honeſt men: what playes haue you?
Belch. Here's a Gentleman ſcholler writes for vs:
I pray Maiſter *Poſt-haſt*, declare for our credits.
Poſt. For mine owne part, though this ſummer ſeaſon
I am deſperate of a horſe.
Vſh 'Tis well; but what playes haue you?
Poſt. A Gentleman's a Gentleman, that hath a cleane ſhirt
on, with ſome learning, and ſo haue I.
Vſh. One of you anſwer the names of your playes,
Poſt. Mother Gurtons needle; (a Tragedy.)
The Diuell and Dines; (a Comedie.)
A ruſſet coate, and a Knaues cap; (an Infernall)
A proud heart and a beggars purſe; (a paſtorall.)
The Widdowes apron-ſtrings; (a nocturnall.)
Vſh. I promiſe yee, pritty names,
I pray what yee want in any thing,
To take it out in drinke.
And ſo goe make yee ready maiſters. *Exeunt players.*

Enter Mauortius, Philarchus, *with Landulpho (an Italian Lord) and other Nobles and Gentles to ſee the* Play.

Mauo. My Lords, your entertainment is but baſe,
Courſer your cates, but welcome with the beſt.
Fellowes ſome Cuſhions; place faire Ladies heere,
Signiour *Landulpho*; pray be merry ſir.
Lady. I'ſt th'Italian guiſe to be ſo ſad?
When Loue and Fancie ſhould be banquetting?
Land. Madam, your kindneſſe hath full power to command.
Lady. Theſe admirable wits of Italy,
That court with lookes, and ſpeake in ſillables,

Are curious ſeperuiſours ouer ſtrangers,
And when wee couet ſo to frame our ſelues,
(Like ouer-nice portraying picturers,)
We ſpoyle the counterfeit in colouring;
England is playne and loues her mothers guyſe,
Enricht with cunning, as her parents riſe.
Land. Lady, theſe eyes did euer hate to ſcorne,
This toung's vnur'd to carpe or contrary,
The bozome where this heart hath reſidence,
I wiſh may ſeeme the ſeat of curteſie.
Vſher. Rowme my Maiſters take your places,
Hold vp your torches for dropping there.
Mano. Vſher are the Players ready? bid them beginne.

Enter Players and Sing.

Some vp and ſome downe, ther's Players in the towne,
You wot we. I who they bee:
The ſumme doth ariſe, to three companies,
One, two, three, foure, make wee.
Beſides we that trauell, with pumps full of grauell,
Made all of ſuch running leather:
That once in a weeke, new maiſters wee ſeeke,
And neuer can hold together.

Enter Prologue.

Prol. Phillida was a faire maid; I know one fairer then ſhe,
Troylus was a true louer; I know one truer then he:
And *Creſſida* that dainty dame, whoſe beauty faire & ſweet,
Was cleare as is ỹ Chriſtall ſtreame, that runs along ỹ ſtreet.
How *Troyll* he that noble knight, was drunk in loue and bad
So bending leg likewiſe; do you not vs deſpiſe. (goodnight,
Land. Moſt vgly lines and baſe-browne-paper-ſtuffe
Thus to abuſe our heauenly poeſie,
That ſacred off-ſpring from the braine of Ioue,
Thus to be mangled with prophane abſurds,
Strangled and chok't with lawleſſe baſtards words

Mano.

Mauo. I ſee (my Lord) this home-ſpun country ſtuffe,
Brings little liking to your curious eare,
Be patient for perhaps the play will mend.

Enter Troylus and Creſſida.

Troy. Come *Creſſida* my Creſſet light,
Thy face doth ſhine both day and night,
Behold, behold, thy garter blue,
Thy knight his valiant elboe weares,
That When he ſhakes his furious Speare,
The foe in ſhiuering fearefull ſort,
May lay him downe in death to ſnort.
Creſ. O knight with vallour in thy face,
Here take my skreene weare it for grace,
Within thy Helmet put the ſame,
Therewith to make thine enemies lame.
Land. Lame ſtuffe indeed the like was neuer heard.

Enter a roaring Diuell with the Vice on his back, Iniquity in one hand; and Iuventus in the other.

Vice. Paſſion of me ſir, puffe puffe how I ſweat ſir,
The duſt out of your coate ſir, I intend for to beat ſir.
Iuv. I am the prodigall child, I that I am,
Who ſayes I am not, I ſay he is too blame.
Iniq. And I likewiſe am *Iniquitie*
Beloued of many alaſſe for pitty.
Diuell. Ho ho ho, theſe babes mine are all,
The *Vice*, *Iniquitie* and child Prodigall.
Land. Fie what vnworthy fooliſh foppery,
Preſents ſuch buzzardly ſimplicity.
Mauo. No more, no more, vnleſſe twere better,
And for the reſt yee ſhall be our debter.
Poſt. My Lords, of your accords, ſome better pleaſure for to bring; if you a theame affords, you ſhall knowe it, that I *Poſt-haſt* the Poet, extempore can ſing.
Lan. I pray my Lord let's haſte, the Play is ſo good,
That this muſt needs be excellent.

Mono. Content (my Lord) pray giue a theame.

Theam.

Land. *Your* Poetts *and your* Pottes,
Are knit in true-Loue knots.

The Song extempore.

Giue your Scholler degrees, and your Lawyer his fees
And ſome dice for Sir Petronell *flaſh:*
Giue your Courtier grace, and your Knight a new caſe,
And empty their purſes of caſh.
Giue your play-gull a ſtoole, and my Lady her foole,
And her vſher potatoes and marrow
But your Poet *were he dead, ſet a pot to his head,*
And he riſes as peart a ſparrow.
O delicate wine with thy power ſo diuine,
Full of rauiſhing ſweete inſpiration,
Yet a verſe may runne cleare that is tapt out of beare:
Eſpecially in the vacation.
But when the terme comes, that with trumpets and drumes,
Our play houſes ringe in confuſion,
Then Bacchus *me murder, but rime we no further,*
Some ſacke now, vpon the concluſion.

Mau. Giue them forty pence let them goe,
How likes *Landulpho* this extempore ſong? *Exeunt players.*
Lan. I bluſh in your behalfes at this baſe traſh;
In honour of our Italy we ſport,
As if a Synod of the holly Gods,
Came to tryumph within our Theaters,
(Alwaies commending Engliſh curteſie.)
Our Amphitheaters and Pyramides
Are ſcrtuate like thtee-headded *Dindymus*,
Where ſtand the Statues of three ſtriuing Queenes,
That once contended for the goulden ball,
(Alwaies commending Engliſh curteſie.)

Are

Are not your curious Dames of ſharper ſpirit ?
I haue a miſtreſſe whoſe intangling wit,
Will turne and winde more cunning argument s,
Then could the *Cretan Labyrinth* ingyre.
(Alwayes commending Engliſh courteſie.)
Man. Good ſir, you giue our Engliſh Ladyes cauſe,
Reſpectiuely to applaud th' Italian guiſe,
Which proudly hence-forth we will proſecute.
Land. Command what faſhion Italy affoords.
Phil. By'r Lady ſir, I like not of this pride,
Giue me the ancient hoſpitallity,
They ſay 'tis merry in hall, when beards wag all.
The Italian Lord is an Aſſe, the ſong is a good ſong,

Actus tertij, ſcæna 1.

Enter Pride, *Vaine-glory, Hypocriſie, and Contempt:* Pride *caſts a miſt, wherein Mauortius and his company vaniſh off the Stage, and* Pride *and her attendants remaine.*

Pride. Braue mindes, now beautifie your thoughts with pompe,
Send forth your Shipps vnto the furtheſt Seas,
Fetch mee the feathers of th' Arabian Birds,
Bring Mermaides combes, and glaſſes for my gaze:
Let all your ſundry imitating ſhapes,
Make this your natiue ſoyle, the land of Apes.
Then Ladies trick your traines with Turkiſh pride,
Plate your diſheau'led haire with ropes of Pearle,
Weare ſparkling Diamonds like twinckling ſtarres,
And let your ſpangled crownes ſhine like the Sunne,
„ *If you will ſit in throne of ſtate with* Pride,
„ *The neweſt faſhion (ſtill) muſt be your guide.*
Vain. *Vaine-glory* vowes to lackey by thy foote,
Till ſhe hath ſwolne mens hearts with Arrogance.

Hyp. In like deſignes, *two fac'd Hypocriſie,*
Is preſt to ſpend her deepeſt induſtry.
Gont. And (till her ſoueraignty decline and bow)
Contempt ſhall be enthron'd in euery browe.
Pry. Then thus, (as ſoueraigne Empreſſe of all ſinnes)
Pryde turnes her houte and heere her Sceane beginnes.

Enter Furcher, and Vourcher; two Lawyers.

Vour. How ſhall we beſt imploy this idle time?
Four. Lets argue on ſome caſe for exerciſe.
Vour. You ſee the full gorg'd world ſecurely ſleepes,
And ſweet contention (Lawyers beſt content)
Is ſent by dronyſie *Peace* to baniſhment.
Pryd. O theſe be Lawyers! Concords enemies,
Prydes fuell ſhall their fire of ſtrife increaſe. *aſide.*

Enter Velure and Lyon-raſh.

Four. Signior *Vourcher*, know you thoſe Cittizens?
Vour. They are two wealthy Merchants and our friends.
Four. Yt may be they haue brought vs welcome fees.
Pry. Lawyers and Merchants met! beſtir thee *Pride*, *aſide*
Vel. In faith no ſute ſir, quiet, quiet all.
Pry. Fortune and health attend you Gentlemen.
Four. We thanke you Lady; may we craue your name?
Pry. Men call me *Pryde*, and I am *Plenties* heire:
Immortall, though I beare a mortall ſhowe.
Are not you Lawyers, from whoſe reuerend lippes
Th'amaxed multitude learne Oracles?
Are not you Merchants, that from Eaſt to Weſt.
From th'antarticke to the Artick Poles,
Bringing all treaſure that the earth can yeeld?
Omnes. We are, (moſt worthy Lady)
Pry. Then vſe your wiſedome to enrich your ſelues,
Make deepe ſucceſſe high Steward of your ſtore.
Enlarge your mighty ſpirits, ſtriue to excede,
In buildings, ryot, garments gallantry.
For take this note: *The world the ſhow affects,*

Playne Vertue, (vilie cladde) is counted Vice,
And makes high blood indure baſe præiudice.
Vour. But wee haue Lawes to limitte our attire.
Pry. Broke with the leaſt touch of a golden wyer.
Vel. Yet wiſedome ſtill commands to keepe a meane,
Pry. True, had you no meanes to excell the ſame,
But hauing power, labour to aſcend,
The fames of mighty men do neuer end,
Four. Is not Ambition an aſpiring ſinne?
Pry. Yes for blind batts and birds of lazy wing.
Lyon. Me ſeemes ti's good to keepe within our bounds,
Pry. Why beaſts themſelues, of bounds are diſcontent,
Spend me your ſtudies to get offices,
Then ſtooping ſuiters with vncouered heads
May groaning come, vnbowelling the bagges,
Of their rich burthens, in your wide mouth'd deskes.
Lyon. But men will taxe vs to want charity.
Pry. True charity beginneth firſt at home,
Heere in your boſomes dwell your deere-lou'd hearts,
Feed them with ioy; firſt crowne their appetites,
And then caſt water on the care-ſcorch't face,
Let your owne longings firſt be ſatisfied,
All other pitty is but fooliſh pryde.
Four. Sweet councell; worthy of moſt high regard,
All our indeauours ſhall be to aſpire.
Vour. Ours to be rich and gallant in attire.
Pry. All to be braue, elſe all of no reſpect,
It is the habit, doth the mind deiect.
Vour. Lets braue it out, ſince *Pride* hath made vs knowe,
Nothing is grac'd that wants a glorious ſhowe.
Exeunt: manet Pryde.
Pry. The puft vp ſpirits of the greater ſort,
Shall make them ſcorne the abiect and the baſe,
Th'impatient ſpirit of the wretched ſort,
Shall thinke impoſed duties their diſgrace,
Poore naked neede ſhall be as full of pryde,

As he that for his wealth is Deifide. *Exit.*

Enter Steward, with foure Seruingmen, with Swords and Bucklers, in their hoſe and doublets.

1. *ſer.* No Steward with diſcharge ſhall vs diſgrace,
Stew. Why all the Lords haue now caſhierd their traines.
2 *ſer.* But we haue ſeru'd his father in the field.
3. *ſer.* What, thinke they boyes can ſerue to beard their foes?
Enter Mauortius and Philarchus with their pages.
Page. Be patient fellow, ſeeſt thou not my Lord?
1. *ſer.* What an I ſee him? puppet prating ape?
2 *ſer.* We are no ſtocks, but we can feele diſgrace.
3. *ſer.* Nor tongleſſe blocks, but ſince we feele, weele ſpeak.
Mauo. What a coyle keepes thoſe fellows there?
Stew. Theſe impudent audatious ſeruing-men,
Scarcely beleeue your honours late diſcharge. *Exit.*
1. *ſer.* Beleeue it? by this ſword and buckler no,
Stript of our liueries, and diſcharged thus?
Mauo. Walke ſirs, nay walke; awake yee drowſie drones,
That long haue ſuckt the honney from my hiues:
Be gone yee greedy beefe-eaters y'are beſt:
The Callis Cormorants from Douer roade,
Are not ſo chargeable as you to feed.
Phil. 'Tis true my Lord, they careleſly deuoure,
In faith good fellowes get ſome other trade,
Yee liue but idle in the common-wealth.
Mauo. Broke we not houſe vp, you would breake our backs.
1. *ſer.* We breake your backs? no 'tis your rich lac'd ſuites,
And ſtraight lac'd mutton; thoſe breake all your backs.
Phil. Ceaſe Ruffians, with your ſwords and bucklers, hence.
2 *ſer.* For ſeruice, this is ſauage recompence.
Your Fathers bought lands and maintained men?
You ſell your lands, and ſcarſe keepe raſcall boyes,
Who Ape-like iet, in garded coates; are whipt
For mocking men? though with a ſhamleſſe face,
Yet graceleſſe boyes can neuer men diſgrace.

3. *ſer.*

3. *Ser.* Deſertfull vertue : O impiety! *Exeunt.*
Mau. My Lord *Philarchus*, follow all my courſe,
I keepe a Taylor, Coach-man, and a Cooke,
The reſt for their boord-wages may goe looke,
A thouſand pound a yeare, will ſo be ſau'd
For reuelling, and banquetting and playes.
Phil. Playes, well remembred, we will haue a play,
Steward lets haue Sir *Olliuer Owlets* men,
Mau. *Philarchus*, I miſlike your faſhion?
Phil. Faith Ile fly intoo't with a ſweeping wing,
Me thinkes your honours hoſe ſit very well,
And yet this faſhion is growne ſo ſtale;
Mau. Your hat is of a better blocke then mine.
Phil. Is on a better block, your Lordſhip meanes;
Mau, Without all queſtion tis, he that denies,
Either he hath no iudgement or no eyes.
Phil. Your Lord-ſhips doublet-skirt is ſhort and neate,
Mau. Who ſits there, finds the more vneaſie ſeate;

Enter a Page.

Pag. My Lords, your Supper ſtaies; tis eight a clock,
Mau. What, is't ſo late, that faſhion's not ſo good. *Exeunt.*

Enter Perpetuana, *Filliſella, Bellula with them a Ieweller, a Tyre-woman, and a Taylour; with euery one their ſeuerall furniture.*

Perp. Of our three Iewells (ſir) which likes you beſt?
Iew. An excellent piece, this thoſe excells as farre,
As glorious *Tytan* ſtaines a ſilly Starre;
Filli. Tuſh, be not partiall, but perуſe mine well,
See you not proud *Vliſſes* carrying ſpoyles;
Iew. The reſt are but (to this) in ſooth baſe foyles,
And yet they all are ritch and wondrous faire,
Bell. But traſh; Ile haue a Iewell Amatiſt,
Whoſe beauty ſhall ſtrike blind the gazers *Eye*;

Perp. Ile put it downe, one promiſd to deuiſe
A Globelike Iewell cut tranſparently,
And in the place of fixed ſtarres, to ſet
The richeſt ſtones that mightieſt ſummes could get.
Fill. Nay Ile be matchleſſe for a carckanet,
Whoſe Pearles and Diamonds plac'd with ruly rocks
Shall circle this faire necke to ſet it forth,
Bell. Well Goldſmith, now you may begone.-----Taylour,
Exit Ieweller
Ile haue a purfled Roabe, looſe boddied-wiſe,
That ſhall enioy my iewells maydenhead.
Tay. The looſeſt bodies are in faſhion moſt,
Perp. We better know what likes vs beſt, then you,
Let me haue flaring faſhions, tuck't and pinn'd
That powerfull winds may heaue it all a huffe,
Bell. True meaſure of my body ſhalbe tane,
Plaine dealing is the beſt when all is done,
That fall Pride taught vs when we firſt begun.
Fill. Ile haue a rich imboſt imbrothery,
On which invaluable pretious Roabe,
Ile hang the glorious brightneſſe of my Globe.
Miſtreſſe Pinckanie is my new ruffe done?
Pinc. Beleeue me Madam tis but new begun.
Bell. Let pinching citty-dames orecloud their Eies,
Our breſts lie forth like conduicts of delight
Able to tice the niceſt apperite,
Miſtreſſe Pinckanie, ſhall I haue this Fanne,
Pink. Maddam not this weeke doe what I can,
Fill. Pleaſure as bondſlaue, to our wills is tyed,
We Ladies cannot be deſam'd with Pride,
Come, let's haue a play, let poore ſlaues prate
Ranck pride in meaneſt ſort, in vs is ſtate,
Remember promiſe miſtres Pinkanie.
Pink. Well Ladies, though with worke I am oppreſt,
Workewomen alwaies liue by doing, beſt. *Exeunt,*
Enter

Enter Chriſoganus Poſthaſt, Gulch, Clout, Gut, and Belch.

Tell. Chriſoganus faith what's the loweſt price,
Chri. You know as well as I; tenne pound a play.
Gull. Our Companie's hard of hearing of that ſide,
Chri. And will not this booke paſſe, alaſſe for pride,
I hope to ſee you ſtarue and ſtorme for bookes,
And in the dearth of rich inuention,
When ſweet ſmooth lines are held for pretious
Then will you fawne and crouch to Poeſie.
Clot. Not while gooſequillian *Poſthaſt* holds his pen.
Gut. Will not our owne ſtuffe ſerue the multitude?
Chri. VVrite on, crie on, yawle to the common ſort
Of thickskin'd auditours: ſuch rotten ſtuffs,
More fit to fill the pauneh of Eſquiline,
Then feed the hearings of iudiciall eares,
Yee ſhades tryumphe, while foggy Ignorance
Clouds bright *Apollos* beauty: Time will cleere,
The miſty dulneſſe of Spectators Eeys,
Then woſull hiſſes to your ſopperies,
O age when euery Scriueners boy ſhall dippe?
Proph'ning quills into Theſſaliaes Spring,
When euery artizt prentice that hath read
The pleaſant pantry of conceipts ſhall dare,
To write as confident as *Hercules*.
When euery Ballad-monger boldly writes:
And windy forth of bottle-ale doth fill
Their pureſt organ of inuention:
Yet all applauded and puft vp with pryde,
Swell in conceit, and load the Stage with ſtuffe,
Rakt from the rotten imbers of ſtall ieſts:
Which baſeſt lines beſt pleaſe the vulgar ſence
Make trueſt raprure loſe preheminence.
Bel. The fellow doth talke like one that can talke,

Gut.

Gutt. Is this the well-learn'd man *Chriſoganus*,
He beats the Ayre the beſt that ere I heard,
Chri. Yee ſcrappes of wit, baſe Ecchoes to our voice,
Take heed yee ſtumble not with ſtalking hie?
Though fortune reeles with ſtrong proſperity. *Exit.*
Clou. Farwell the Muſes, poore *Poet* adiew,
When we haue need 't may be weele ſend for you.
Enter Steward.
Stew. My Lord hath ſent requeſt to ſee a play,
Poſt. Your Lord? what, ſhall our paines be ſoundly recom-
With open hand of honours francke reward? (penc'd?
Stew. Yee ſhall haue foure faire Angells gentlemen,
Clout. Faire Ladies meane you? we haue foure i'th' play
Ste. Nay (my good friends) I meane in faire pure gold.
Gull. Fie tis to much, too long ere it be told,
Stew. Mas theſe are ſingle ieſts indeed,
But I will double it once, ye ſhall haue eight.
Poſt. But are you ſure that none will want the weight?
To wey downe our expence in ſumptuous Clothes?
Bell. Well, pleaſures pride ſhall mount to higher rate,
Tenne pound a play will ſcarce maintaine our ſtate,
Stew. Fat *Plenty* brings in *Pride* and *Idleneſſe*:
The world doth turne a Maze in giddy round:
This time doth rayſe, what other times confound.
Poſt. O ſir, your morall lines were better ſpent,
In matters of more worthy conſequent.
Gull. Well, while ſt occaſion helpes to clime alofft,
Wee'le mount Promotions higheſt battlement.
Stew. And breake your necks I hope; clime not too faſt,
A heady courſe, confuſion ends at laſt.
Poſt. Preach to the poore; looke Steward, to your compt,
Direct your houſhold, teach not vs to mount:
Stew. Farewell yee proud (I hope they heare me not)
Proud Statute Rogues. *Exit they follow.*

Enter

Enter Fourcher, Velure, Lyon-raſh, Champerty and Calamancha, their wiues.

Champ. Faith husband, Ile haue one to beare my traine,
Another bare before to vſher me.
Cala. Nay I my ſelfe will learne the Courtly grace,
Honour ſhall giue my wealth a higher place.
Out on theſe veluet gards, and black lac'd ſleeues,
Theſe ſimpering faſhions ſimply followed.
Cham. Well, through the ſtreetes in thundring coache Ile (ride,
Why ſerues our wealth, but to maintaine our pride?
Lawe, Armes, and Merchandize, theſe are three heads,
From whence Nobility firſt tooke his ſpring.
Then let our haughty mindes our fortunes ſpend,
Pleaſure and honour ſhall our wealth attend.
Calla. Nay I will haue it, I that I will.
Four. Containe your ſpeech, within your priuate thoughts,
Wee are encountred with the honour'd traine.

Enter Mauortius, Philarchus, Filliſſella, Bellula, and others.

Mauo. Faire Ladies, could theſe times affoord you cates,
You ſhould be feaſted in *Apolloes* hall;
But (Lords) the chaps of wide-pancht gluttonie,
Haue wafted all the dainties of the land.
Seruant *Philarchus*, what, no maske too night?
Phil. A Play, a Maske, a Banquet, weele haue all.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, the Players now are growne ſo proud,
Ten pound a play, or no point Comedy. *Exit.*
Mauo. What? inſolent with glib proſperity?
Faith Gentlemen no Players will appeare:
Gallants, to your Maske.
Phil. How ſoone they can remember to forget,
Their vndeſerued Fortunes and eſteeme;
Bluſh not the peaſants at their pedigree?

Suckt pale with luſt; what, bladders ſwolne with pride,
To ſtrout in ſhreds of nitty brogerie?
Mauo. Well, though the penny raiſd them to the pound,
Iuſt *Eunie*, cauſeleſſe *Pride* doth ſtill confound.
Phil. Well let them blaſe, ther's none ſo blind but ſees,
Prydes fall is ſtill froſt-bit with miſeries.
Enter a Maske.
What, come they in ſo blunt without deuiſe?
Fill. The night is dead before the ſport be borne.
Mauor. Ceaſe Muſick there, prepare to banquet ſirs.
Phi. *Ceres* and *Bacchus* tickled, *Venus* ſtirres.
Mau. Gallants vnmaske, and fall to banquetting,
A health about, carowſe ſhall feede carowſe.
Phil. The firſt is pledg'd, and heere begins a freſh.
Mau. This royall health of welcome greetes you all.
Vouch. *Bacchus* begins to reele with going round.
Phil. The grape begins to fume.
Mauor. Why let it fret: not pledge a Nobleman.
Champ. I like this Iewell, Ile haue his fellow.
Bell. How? you? what fellow it? gip Veluet gards.
Champ. Inſolent for-beare.
Mauor. A petty-foggers whoodded wife ſo pearcht?
Cham. Why not proud Lord? then bid your mincks come downe.
Vouch. Diſhonourable Lord, I ſay thou li'ſt.
Mauor. I challenge thee on that diſgracefull word,
Vouch. Heere anſwer I thy challenge in this wine.
Mauo. I will confirme thy pledge, and meete thee too.
They ſpeake and fall a ſleepe on the Stage, Sound Muſicke.

Enter Enuy *alone to all the Actors ſleeping on the Stage: the muſicke ſounding: ſhee breaths amongſt them.*

Enuy. Downe climbing *Pride* to *Stygian Tartarie*,
The breath of *Enuy* fils the empty world,
Enuy, whoſe nature is to worke alone,

As

As hating any Agent but her ſelfe,
Turne, turne, thou Lackey to the winged Tyme,
I enuie thee in that thou art ſo ſlow,
And I ſo ſwift to miſchiefe: So, now ſtand,
Peace, *Plenty*, *Pryde*, had their competitors,
But I enioy my Soueraignty alone.
Now ſhall proud Nobleſſe, Law, and Merchandize,
Each ſwell at other, as their veines would breake,
Fat Ignorance, and rammiſh Barbariſme,
Shall ſpit and driuell in ſweete Learnings face,
Whilſt he halfe ſtaru'd in Enuie of their power,
Shall eate his marrow, and him-ſelfe deuoure,
Awake yee Brawne-fed Epicures, looke vp,
And when you thinke your cleareſt eyes to finde.
Be all their Organs ſtrooke with *Ennie* blind. *Exit.*

They all awake, and begin the following Acte.

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

Mauo. O pallid *Enuie* how thou ſuck'ſt my bloud,
And waſtes my vitall ſpirits: I could raue,
Runne madde with anguiſh, for my ſlight reſpect,
O wher's the honour to my high borne bloud!
When euery peaſant, each Plebeian,
Sits in the throne of vndeſeru'd repute,
When euery Pedlers-French is term'd Monſignuer,
When broad-cloathd tradeſ-man, and what lack you ſir.
Is wrapt in riche habiliments of ſilke,
Whilſt vrgent need makes Princes bend their knee,
As ſeruile as the ignobilitie,
To crouch for coyne, whilſt ſlaues tye faſt our Lands,
In Statute Staple, or theſe Marchants bands.

Bellu. Wan ghoſtlike *Enuie*, ſpungeth vp my bloud,
Whil'ſt I behold yon halfe-fac'd Minion,
The daughter of ſome Cloues and Cinamon,

To equall me in rich accouſtrements.
O, wher's the outward difference of out birth!
When each odde-mincing miſtreſſe Citty-Dame,
Shall dare to bee as ſumptuouſly adorn'd
With Iewels, chaines, and richeſt ornaments,
As wee from whom their Fathers held their land
In bond-ſlaues Tenure, and baſe villianage.
Vouch. Why ſhould yon bubble of Nobility,
Yon ſhade of Man appropriate *Epithetes*
Of noble, and right honorable, Sir,
To the blind Fortune of his happy birth?
Why ſhould this reeling world (drunke with the iuice
Of *Plenties* bounty) giue ſuch attribute
Of ſouereigne title, place and dignity,
To that ſame ſwolne vp Lord, whom blinded chance,
Aboue his vertues merite doth aduance,
To high exalted ſtate, whilſt all repine,
To ſee our ſweate rewarded, and our paine
Guerdond but with a ſingle fee, an Angels gaine.
Champ. God for his mercy, how yon Lady ietts,
And ſwoopes along in Perſian royalty.
O, I could pine with *Enuie*, and conſume
My heart in fowle diſdaine, that ſhe ſhould ſtrout,
And ſwell in oſtentation of her birth,
Decking the curled treſſes of her haire
With glittering ornaments, whilſt I am pent
In nice reſpect of ciuill modeſty:
Ile not indure it, Lawyers wiues ſhall ſhine,
Spight of the lawe, and all that dare repine.
Vel. Drops of cold ſweat hang on my fretting brow,
O, I could gnaſh my teeth, and whip my ſelfe,
Parboyle my liuer in this enuious heate
Of deepe repining Malice! I am vext,
Stung with a Viperous impatience,
That yon Nobility, yon *Iohn a Stile*,
Should ſole poſſeſſe the throne of dignity,

Whilſt

Whilſt wee fat Burgomaſters of the State,
Rich treaſuries of gold, full ſtuft vp trunkes,
With all the fatteſt marrow of the land
Should be debarr'd from types Maieſticall,
And liue like *Æſops* Aſſe: whilſt our meane birth
Curbes our aſpiring humours from the ſeate,
Of honours mounted ſtate; I cannot ſleepe,
My entrailes burne with ſcorne, that Merchandize,
Should ſtand and lick the pauement with his knee,
Bare-head and crouching to Nobility,
Though forfeited to vs be all their ſtate,
Yet *Enuie* (ſtill) my heart doth macerate.
Perp. Gip Miſtreſſe Madam, and French-hood intaild
Vnto a *Habeas Corpus*: Ieſu God,
How proud they iet it, and muſt I giue wall?
And bend my body to their Miſtreſſe-ſhips,
O husband, I am ſick, my cheeke is pale
With ——
Vel. With what my ſweete?
Perp. With *Enuie*, which no Phyſick can preuent;
Shall I ſtill ſtand an abiect in the eye,
Of faire reſpect, not mounted to the height
To the top gallant of o're-peering ſtate,
That with Elated lookes of Maieſtie,
I may out face the proud pild Eminence,
Of this ſame gilded Madam *Bellula*,
And yon ſame *Ione a Noke*, chain'd *Champertie*?
Vel. Content thee wife; the tide of Royalty,
Shall onely flowe into our Merchandize,
The gulphe of our Ambition ſhall deuoure
All the ſupports of honour, lands and plate,
Rich minerall Iewels, ſumptuous pallaces,
All ſhall be ſwallow'd by the yawning mouth
Of hungry Auarice. Thus I plotted it,
You ſee *Mauortius* ſtormie brow portends,
Tempeſtuous whirle-windes of tumultuous armes,

Now when the breath of warre is once denounc'd,
Then troupe the gallants to our wealthy ſhops.
To take vp rich apparrell,pawne their land,
To puffe vp *Prides* ſwolne bulke with plumy ſhowes,
Then,when the Actions expectation flags,
And fills not vp the mouth of gaping hope,
To vs returnes the mal'contented youth,
And for the furniſhment of one ſuite more,
All,all,is ours,Iewells,plate and Lands,
Al take cariere into the Marchants hands,
Then come,withdraw,and coole thy enuious heate,
My pollicy ſhall make thy hopes repleate.

Exeunt Velu.and Perpetu.

Camp. And ſhall I ſtill(deere *Vourcher*)ſit below,
Giue place to Madams and theſe citty dames,
O,how my enuy at their glory flames.

Vour. Be patient but a while(ſweete *Campertie,*)
And I will make the world doe fealty,
To thy exalted State: the Law ſhall ſtand,
Like to a waxen noſe,or *Leſbian* rule,
A diall *Gnomon*,or a wethercocke,
Turn'd with the breath of greatneſſe euery way,
On whoſe incertaintie,our certaine ground
Of towring hight ſhall ſtand inuincible:
The Dubious Law ſhall nurſe diſſention,
Which being pamper'd with our feeding helpes,
Wee'le ſwell in greatneſſe and our pallace Towers
Shall pricke the ribs of Heauen with proud height:
Then let thy *Enuy* ceaſe,ſince thy high fate,
Shall not diſcerne a fortune more Elate.

Exeunt Vour. and Champ.

Bel. So with what ſlight reſpect they paſſe from vs,
Not giuing to our birth's their due ſaluts,
O Deereſt Lord!ſhall high borne *Bellula!*
Be ſuncke,and thus obſcur'd by the proud ſhine,
Of yon ſophiſticate baſe *Alcumie*,

Yon

You bullion ſtuffe: O noble blouds repine!
That durt vſurpes the orbe, where you ſhould ſhine.
Mau. Content thee ſweet, the lightning of my armes,
Shall purge the aire of theſe groſſe foggy clouds,
That doe obſcure our births bright radiance,
When Iron *Mars* mounts vp his plumy Creſt,
The Law and Merchandize in ruſt may reſt,
Then *Eny* ceaſe; for e're the Sonne ſhall ſet,
Ile buckle on *Manortius* burganet.

Exeunt Mauo and Bell.

Enter Chriſoganus ſolus.

Chri. Summa petit liuor, perflant altiſſima venti,
Then poore *Chriſoganus*, who le enuy thee,
Whoſe dusky fortune hath no ſhining gloſſe
That *Enuies* breath can blaſt? O I could curſe
This ideot world! This ill nurs'd age of *Peace*,
That foſter all ſaue vertue; comforts all
Saüing induſtrious art, the ſoules bright gemme,
That cruſſheth downe the ſprowting ſtemmes of Art,
Blaſts forward wits with frosty cold contempt,
Crowning dull clodds of earth with honours,
Wreath guilding the rotten face of barbariſme
With the vnworthy ſhine of Eminence.
O! I could wiſh my ſelfe conſum'd in aire,
When I behold theſe huge fat lumpes of fleſh,
Theſe big-buikt painted poſtes, that ſenceleſſe
Stand, to haue their backes paſted with dignity,
Quite choaking vp all paſſage to reſpect:
Theſe huge *Coloſſi* that rowle vp and downe,
And fill vp all the ſeate of man with froth
Of outward ſemblance, whilſt pale *Artizans*
Pine in the ſhades of gloomy *Academes*,
Faint in purſuite of vertue, and quite tierd
For want of liberall food: for liberall Art
Giue vp the goale to ſluggiſh *Ignorance*.

O whether doth my paſſion carry mee?
Poore foole, leaue prating, enuy not their ſhine,
Who ſtill will floriſh, though great *Fate* repine. *Exit.*

Enter Belſh, Guiſh, Gutt, and Clowt with an Ingle.

Gul. Iacke of the Clock-houſe, wher's Maiſter Poſt-haſt?
Bel in my booke for *Slow-pace*, twelue-pence on's pate, for
Gut. *Prologue* begin; rehearſe &c. (ſtaying ſo late.
Gentlemen in this enuious age we bring Bayard
For Bucephalus: if mierd, bogg'd,
Draw him forth with your fauours,
So promiſing that we neuer meane to performe
Our Prologue peaceth.
Gul. Peaceth? what peaking Pagenter pend that?
Bel. Who but Maiſter *Poſt-haſt.*
Gut. It is as dangerous to read his name at a playe-dore
As a printed bill on a plague dore.
Gul. You weare the hanſom'ſt compaſt hilt I haue ſeene;
Ingle. Doth this faſhion like my friend ſo well.
Bel. So well I meane to weare it for your ſake.
Ingle. I can deny thee nothing if I would.
Gul. Fie how this Ingling troubles our rehearſall: ſay on.
Gut. Fellow *Belſh* you haue found a haunt at my houſe
You muſt belch and breath your ſpirits ſome where elſe.
Bel. Iealious of me with your ſeate for Maiſter Iohn,
Gut. When the doore's ſhut the ſigne's in *Capricorne*
Clow. Then you might heaue the latch vp with your horne
Gul. This Cockoldly coyle hinders our rehearſall.
Gut. Ile teare their turret toppes,
Ile beat their Bulwarcks downe,
Ile rend ſuch Raskalls form their ragges,
And whippe them out of towne.
Bel. Patience (my Lord) your fury ſtrayes too farre.
Gul. Stay ſirs, rehearſe no farther then you are

For

For here be huffing parts in this new booke;
Gutt. Haue Ier'e a good humour in my part?
Gull. Thou haſt neere a good one out of thy part;
Bell. Ile play the conquering King that likes me beſt,
Gutt. Thou play the cowardly knaue;thou doſt but ieaſt,
Clou. Halfe a ſhare,halfe a ſhirt,a Comedian
A hole ſhare,or turne Cameleon.
Gull. Well ſirs, the gentlemen ſee into our trade,
We cannot gull them with browne-paper ſtuffe,
And the beſt Poets growne ſo enuious
They'le ſtarue rather then we get ſtore of mony.
Gut. Since dearth of Poets lets not players liue by wit
To ſpight them lets to warres,and learne to vſe a ſpit.
Clout. O excellent ill a ſpit to roſt a rime.
Gutt. T will ſerue you to remember dinner time.
Bell. Thats true tis time,let's away. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus.

Enter Warre Ambition,Fury,Horror,Ruine.

War. Rule fier-eied *Warre*,reuell in blood and flames,
Enuy,whoſe breath hath poyſoned all eſtates,
Hath now reſigned her ſpightfull throne to vs:
Stand forth *Ambition*;fly through the land,
And enter euery breſt of noble blood,
Infect their honored mindes with factious thoughts,
And make them gliſter in oppoſed armes:
Let vniuſt force and ſcarlet *Tyranny*
Wait on their Actions till their vlcers breake,
Or elſe be launced by the hand of *Warre*,
Which cannot be without a laſting ſcarre,
Ambi. *Ambition* like a Peſtilence doth fly,
To poyſon Honour and Nobility.

Exit Ambition.

War. Fury, thy turne is next, goe now and fill
The trunck of Peaſants with thy dangerous breath,
Inſpire them with the ſpirit of Mutiny,
Rage, and rebellion, make them deſperate:
Hurry them headlong vnto euery ill,
Like duſt raiſ'd with a whirlwind; let their eyes,
Be euer fixt vpon the bruſed prints
Made in their ſtate by wilde oppreſſion,
And (after all) poſſeſſe them with this fire,
That onely Warre muſt purchaſe their deſire.

Fury. Fury ſhall ſhine amongſt this multitude,
Like a bright Meteor in the darkeſt cloud.

Exit Fury.

War. Horror ſhall greet the boſome of greene youth,
The melting liuer of pied gallantry,
The wrinckled vizard of Deuotion,
The cheuerell conſcience of corrupted law,
And frozen heart of gowty Merchandize,
Horror wound theſe, ſtrike palſies in their limmes,
And as thou ſtalk'ſt (in thy prodigious ſhape,)
And meet'ſt a fellow ſwolne with mounted place;
Shake him with glaunſes of thy hollow eyes,
And let thy vigour liue as his heart dies.

Horr. Yncugh, ere long, the ayre ſhall ring with ſhrikes
And ſad lament of thoſe, whom *Horror* ſtrikes.

Exit. Horror.

War. Horror adiew,
Theſe three, are Vſhers to our Deity,
Onely vaſt Ruine heere attends on vs,
And is a follower of our high deſignes:
Ruine thou faythfull ſeruant to grimme Warre,
Now teach thy murdring ſhot to teare mens limm's,
Thy brazen Cannons how to make a breach,
In a fayre Cities bozome; teach thy fiers
To climbe the toppes of houſes; and thy mines,

To

To blow vp Churches in th'offended skye.
Conſume whole groues and ſtanding fields of Corne
In thy wild rage, and make the proud earth groane,
Vnder the weight of thy confuſion.

Ruine. This and much more ſhall *Ruine* execute.

War. Meane while weele ſteepe our ſinowie feet in blood
And daunce vnto the Muſicke of the field,
Trumpets for trebbles, baſes, bellowing drummes.
Broyles Enuy bred, but Warre ſhall end thoſe brawles,
Deafe warre that will not heare a word of Peace:
Sharpe pikes ſhall ſerue for ſubtle lawiers pens
The Marchants ſilkes ſhall turne to ſhining ſteele,
In ſteed of falſe-yard ſtickes, large horſemens ſtaues,
Shall meaſure out true pattern's of their graues.

Exeunt.

Enter Belſh ſetting vppe billes, Enter to him a Captaine.

Capt. Sirra what ſet you vp there?

Belſh. Text billes for Playes.

Capt. What Playes in time of Warres? hold ſirra
Ther's a new plott.

Belſh. How many meane you ſhall come in for this?

Capt. Player tis preſſe money

Bel. Preſſe money, preſſe money, alaſſe ſir preſſe me,
I am no fit Actor for th'action.

Capt. Text billes muſt now be turn'd to Iron billes.

Exit Captaine.

Bel And pleaſe you let them be dagger pies.

Enter an Officer, Poſt-haſt, Gulſh, Gut and Clowt.

Ofiicer Sir Oliuers men; the laſt Players tooke the
Townes reward like honeſt men.

Gulſh Thoſe were a cupple of Cunnicatchers that
Cooſen Maiors, and haue no conſort but themſelues,

But we are a full company, and our credit with our Maiſter knowne.

Offi. Meane while ther's preſſe-mony, for your reward,

Clou. No (I thanke your worſhip) we meane not to trouble your towne at this time.

Offi. Well Maſters, you that are maiſter-ſharers, Muſt prouide you vpon your owne purſes,

Gut. Alaſſe ſir, we Players are priuiledg'd, Tis our Audience muſt fight in the field for vs, And we vpon the ſtage for them.

Poſt. Sir as concerning halfe a ſcore angells Or ſuch a matter for a man in my place.

Offi. Thoſe daies are out of date.

Bel. The more's the pitty ſir,

Exit Officer.

Gulſ. Well, I haue a Brewer to my Ingle, Heele furniſh me with a horſe great inough.

Poſt. Faith Ile eene paſt all my ballads together, And make a coate to hold out piſtoll-proofe;

Clout. I meruaile what vſe I ſhould make of my Ingle, The hobby-horſe-ſeller.

Gutt. Faith make him ſell a whole troupe of horſe To buy thee one.

Bel. Sirrs, if theſe ſoldiers light vpon our playing parrell, they'le ſtrout it in the field, and flaunt it out.

Poſt. Well ſirs, I haue no ſtomacke to theſe warres,

Gut. Faith, I haue a better ſtomacke to my breakfaſt.

Clout. A ſhrewd mornings worke for Players,

Omn. Let's be gon?

Exeunt.

Enter Mauortius *and* Larius *on one ſide,* Philarchus *and* Hiletus *on the other with weapons Drawne:* Chriſoganus *betweene them.* Ambition *breathing amongſt them.*

Chri. Haue patience worthy Lords, and calme your ſpirits.

Mau. Peace prating Scholler: bid the Sea be ſtill,

When

When powerfull windes doe toſſe the raging waues,
Or ſtay the winged lightning in his courſe;
When thou dooſt this, thy words ſhall charme me too.
Till then preſerue thy breath.
Phi. *Mauortius*, dar'ſt thou maintaine thy words?
Mauo. How? dare *Philarchus*? yes, I dare doe more;
In blood or fire; or where thou darſt not come;
In the numme fingers of cold death I dare.
Phi. Swallow thoſe words, or thou ſhalt eate my ſword.
Lar. He is no Eſtrich ſir, he loues no yron.
Hil. And yet me thinkes he ſhould be by his plume.
Mauo. What are you playing with my feather too?
They all runne one at another, Chryſog: ſteps betweene them.
Chri. O ſtay your rages,
Let not Ambition captiuate your blood,
Make not your hates obiects for vulgar eyes.
Mauo. A pox vpon this linguiſt, take him hence;
Philarchus, I defie thee, and in ſcorne,
Spit on thy bozome; vowing heere by heauen,
If either ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of men,
Or any other ſteeled violence,
Can bring to ſwift confuſion what is thine,
Vpon this gratefull ſoyle; it ſhall be done.
Phi. And when 'tis done, I will reſtore my wrongs
Out of thy Forts, thy Caſtles and thy lands.
Mauo. My lands?
Phi. I, factious Lord, till then adiew,
Weele ſhine like Comnets in next enter-view.
Exeunt Phi. and Hile.
Mauo. My ſoule is bigge in trauaile with reuenge,
And I could rip her wombe vp with a ſtabbe,
To free th'impriſoned iſſue of my thought.
Exeunt, manet Chiſoganus.
Chri. O, how this vulture, (vile Ambition,)
Tyers on the heart of greatneſſe, and deuoures,
Their bleeding honours, whil'ſt their empty names,

Lye chain'd vnto the hill of infamie:
Now is the time wherein a melting eye
May ſpend it ſelfe in teares, and with ſalt drops,
Write woe, and deſolation in the duſt,
Vpon the frighted boſome of our land,
Pitty and Piety are both exilde,
Religion buried with our Fathers bones,
In the cold earth; and nothing but her face,
Left to adorne theſe groſſe and impious times. *ſtand a ſide.*
A noiſe within crying, Liberty, liberty.

Enter a ſort of Ruſſetings and Mechanichalls, (Fury leading them) and crying confuſedly.

Omnes. Liberty, liberty, liberty.

1. Nay but ſtay, ſtay, my Maſters: we haue not inſulted yet who ſhall be our Captaine.

2. Maſſe that's true: faith let's all be Captaines.

3. Content, ſo wee ſhall bee ſure to haue no equalitie amongſt vs.

4. O, it's beſt, for, (for mine owne part)
I ſcorne to haue an equall.

1. Well then: what exploit ſhall we do firſt?

2. Marry Ile tell you:
Let s pluck downe the Church, and ſet vp an Ale-houſe.

Omnes. O excellent, excellent, excellent, a rare exploit, a rare exploite.

1. Good: this is for exploite: but then there's a thing cal'd Action.

3. O, that's going to Sea; that, we haue nothing to do with-all,

4. No, we are all for the land, wee.

2. Land, I: weele pluck downe all the noble houſes in the land, e're we haue done.

1. It were a moſt noble ſeruice, and moſt worthy of the Chronicle.

2. Slid, theſe Lords are growne ſo proud,
Nay, weele haue a fling at the Lawyers too.

3. O

3. O, I, firſt of all at the Lawyers.
4. True, that we may haue the law in our owne hands.
1. O then we may take vp what we will of the Matchants.
2. I and forfet our bonds at pleaſure, no body can ſue vs.
3. O, 'twill be rare: I wonder how much Veluet will apparell me and my horſe.
4. Talke not of that man, weele haue inough: All ſhall be common.
1. Wiues and all: what, *Helter, skelter.*
2. Slid, we are men as well as they are.
3. And we came all of our Father *Adam.*
2. Goe to then, why ſhould we be their ſlaues?
Omnes. Liberty, liberty, liberty *Exeunt.*
Chri. See, ſee, this common beaſt the multitude,
(Tranſported thus with fury) how it raues;
Threatning all ſtates with ruine, to englut
Their beſtiall and more brutiſh appetites.
O you auſpicious, and diuineſt powers,
(That in your wiſdomes ſuffer ſuch dread plagues
To flowe and couer a rebellious land)
Giue end vnto their furies! and driue back
The roaring torrent on the Authors heads,
That (in their pride of Rage) all eyes may ſee.
Iuſtice hath whips to ſcourge impiety. *Exit.*

Enter Lyon-raſh to Fourchier ſitting in his ſtudy: at one end of the ſtage: At the other end enter Vourcher to Velure in his ſhop.

Lyon. Good morrow maiſter *Fourcher.*
Four. Maiſter *Lyon-raſh* you are welcome:
How fare you ſir, in theſe prodigious times?
Lyon. Troth like a man growne wilde and deſperate,
E'ene ſpent with horror of their ſtrange effects.
Four. I feare they will be much more ſtranger yet.
Lyon. And you haue cauſe to feare ſir.

Four. So

Fou. So haue you: if wealth may make a man ſuſpect his ſtate,
What newes heare you ſir? ſit downe I pray you.

They ſit and whiſper whilſt the other two ſpeake.

Vonu. I wonder how you dare keepe open ſhoppe,
Conſidering the tumults are abroad:
They ſay the Nobles all are vp in armes,
And the rude commons in diſſeuerd troupes
Haue gathered dangerous head, and make ſuch ſpoyle,
As would ſtrike dead a true reporters tongue.
Vel. Faith I am ignorant what courſe to take,
Wee i'th Citty heere are ſo diſtracted
As if our ſpirits were all earth and ayre,
I know not how: each houre heere comes freſh newes,
And nothing certaine.

The other two againe.

Four. Well if this be true,
The iſſue cannot be but dangerous,
Lyon. O they haue made the violent'ſt attempts
That ere were heard of: ruin'd Churches, Townes,
Burn't goodly Mannours, and indeed layd waſt.
All the whole Country as they paſſe along.

The other.

Vour. Ther's no preuention if they once come heere
But that our Citty muſt endure the ſack.
Vel. I feare it ſir.
Vour. Faith we are ſure to feele
The fury of the tempeſt when it comes.
The Law and Merchandize may both go begge.

Enter Champerty to her husband and Lyon-raſh.

Cham. Where are you husband, do you heere the newes?
Four. What newes on Gods name?
Cham. O the enimies! *Four.* What of the enemies?

Cham

Cham. They are entred into the citty.
Lyo. Adiew good maiſter *Fourcher.*
Fou. Lord haue mercy vpon vs,
Cham. O good Maiſter *Lyon-raſh* goe pray.
Exeunt Four. Lyon, Cham.
Vel. How now, what noyſe is this?
Vou. They cry arme arme me thinkes.
Enter Perpetuana.
Perp. O ſweet heart the Spaniards are come,
We ſhall all be kild they ſay.
Maiſter *Fourcher* what ſhall we doe? O Lord.

Enter a ſort of fellowes with armour and weapons and croſſe the ſtage crying arme, arme, arme.

Omn. Arme, arme, arme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Captaine with Souldiers: the Souldiers hauing moſt of the Players apparell; and bringing out the Players amongſt them.

Soul. Come on Players, now we are the Sharers
And you the hired men: Nay you muſt take patience,
Slid how do you march?
Sirha is this you would rend and teare the Cat
Vpon a Stage, and now march like a drown'd rat?
Looke vp and play the *Tamburlaine*: you rogue you. *Exeunt.*

Enter all the factions of Noblemen, Peaſants, and Cittizens fighting: the rader ſorte driue in the reſt and cry a ſacke, a ſacke, Hauoke hauocke, Burne the Lawiers bookes; teare the Silkes out of the ſhops: in that confuſion: the Scholler ſcaping from among them, they all go out and leaue him vpon the Stage.

Chri. Thus Heauen (in ſpite of fury) can preſerue,

The truſtfull innocent,and guiltleſſe Soule ;
O,what a thing is man , that thus forgets
The end of his creation ; and each houre
Strikes at the glory of his maker thus ?
What brazen vizage,or black yron ſoule
Hath ſtrength to Iuſtifie ſo Godleſſe deeds ?
Hee that is moſt inſeoſt to *Tyrannie,*
The man whoſe Iawes burne moſt with thirſt of bloud,
What coulours or thin cob-web can he weaue,
To couer ſo abhor'd iniquities ?
If then there be no ſhadow,no pretext,
To vaile their loathed bodies ; what ſhould make
Men ſo inamour'd on this Strumpet warre.
To doate vpon her forme ? when (in her ſelfe)
Shee's made of nothing, but infectious plagues.
Witneſſe the preſent *Chaos* of our Sceane,
Where euery ſtreete is chain'd with linckes of ſpoile,
Heere proud *Ambition* rides ;there *Furie* flies,
Heere *Horror* ; and there ruthleſſe *Murder* ſtalkes,
Led on by *Ruine*,and in Steele and fire,
That now on toppes of houſes ; now in vaults,
Now in the ſacred Temples ; heere,and there
Runnes wilde. *Exit.*

Allarmes in ſeuerall places , that brake him off thus : After a retreat ſounded , the Muſicke playes and Pouerty enters.

Actus

Actus Sextus

Scæna 1.

Enter Pouerty, Famine, Sickneſſe, Bondage, and Sluttiſhneſſe.

Pouer. Raigne *Pouerty* in ſpite of tragick warre,
And triumph ouer glittering vanitie,
Though want be neuer voide of bitter woes,
Yet ſlow-pac'd remedy, true patience ſhowes,
See worldling worlds of Vertue lin'd within,
Though ſinners all; yet leaſt repleat with ſinne.
I ſcorne a ſcoffing foole about my Throne,
An Artleſſe Ideot; that (like *Eſops Dawe*,
Plumes fairer fether'd birds: no, *Pouerty*,
Will dignifie her chaire with deepe Diuines,
Philoſophers and Schollers feaſt with me,
As well as Martialiſts in miſery.
Firſt change the houre from fiue to fatall ſixe,
Then ring forth knells of heauie diſcontent,
With ſighes and groanes whil'ſt I haue gouernment.
Famin. Thin *Famine* needs muſt follow *Pouerty*.
My bones lye open, like a withered tree
By ſtormes disbarkt of her defending skinne,
So neere the heart the weather beates within.
Sick. O end thy Age! that we may end our dayes,

Once Obiects, now all Abiects to the world,
For after ſeeble Sickneſſe death enſues,
And endeth griefe that happy ioye renews.
Bond. Then Bondage ſhall vnbolt thoſe cruell barres,
That thralls faire honour in obſcure reproach,
And ſauage-like yoakes vp humanity,
To bind in chaines true-borne ciuillity.
Slut. Though *Sluttiſhneſſe* be loathſome to her ſelfe,
Penurious time muſt be obſcæne and baſe,
Who hates the rich muſt dwell with Pouerty,
Since rule in any thing, is Soueraignty.
Pouer. Were *Pouerty* a word more miſerable
Then Mans auſtere inuention could propound,
Yet is poore Honeſty rich Honors ground:
Whoſe eyes vnuail'd like to th'vnhoodded Hawke,
Looke ſtraight on high, and in the end aſpire,
To feele the warmth of Princes holy fire.
Yet Honor, Wealth, Lands, and who wins the prize,
Obtaines but Vanity of Vanities.
Come follow me my neuer failing friend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mauortius and Philarchus
at ſeuerall doores.

Mauo. The broyles of warre wherein I gloried more
Then *Priams Hector*, who by burning walls,
Was traild along (dread victories deepe fall)
So from theſe gates my ſelfe in meane diſgrace
Am baniſht forth, pinch't through with pouerty.
Who tels vs all 'tis true that ſhee hath ſed,
Poore flyes will tickle Lyons being dead.
Phil. The thirſt of Honour call'd me to the warres,
Where I haue drunke a health (too deepe a draught)
My full-mouthd bags may now be fild with ayre,
The Diuell and Ambition taught it me.
Mauo. Is that *Philarchus* that complaines? 'tis ſo,
Phil. See how *Mauortius* turnes away his face,

To

To ſeeke to friends 'tis holden for diſgrace.
Mauo. Time was, I could haue din'd amongſt my friends,
Now ſtands at euery doore a Iack and Apes
And tels me 'tis too late, his Lord hath din'd.
Phi. This miſerable world would make one mad;
I ſtept vnto a Vintner at the Barre,
And offered him my Rapier for a pawne;
The ſawcie ſlaue tooke it in ſuch a ſcorne,
And flung it in the ſtreets, replying thus,
Meere want brings weapons out of vſe with vs.
Mauo. See poore *Philarchus* powring out his plaints,
To vnrelenting walls, relentleſſe men.
Phil. Are wounds rewards for Souldiers in the field?
What? ſell our lands, are theſe the fruits of *Warre?*
Then dye *Philarchus*, let not ſhame ſuruiue,
Thy fainting honour, dead and yet aliue.
Mauo. Heere come our wiues, how wretchedly they looke.

Enter Perpetuana *and* Bellula.

Bel. My Iewels pawnd, my rings are gone to wrack,
The greedy Vſurer hath gotten all.
Perp. I am a prey to wretched *Pouerty*,
Ill featur'd *Famine* will deuoure vs vp,
Whoſe wrinkled face, is like pale deaths aſpect.
Phil. Behold my wife like Winters parramour,
Rob'd and bereau'd of nuptiall Ornaments.
„*Hide thee* Philarchus *lower then the graue*,
„*The Earth will couer though it cannot ſaue.*
Perp. If men lament, whoſe wonted yron-hearts,
Were harder then the Armour they haue worne,
And waile the Agent of a womans voyce,
What ſhall weake women and poore Ladies doe?
Fall to thoſe teares, that we were borne vnto. *Exeunt.*
Mauo. Could I but learne (with *Cræſus*) to endure
The falling ſickneſſe of ſad *Pouerty*,

Who loſt a rich commanding Emperie
Patience would prooue a tutor to my grieues.
Chri. Thou want's a *Solon* to conſort with thee,
To proue affliction is the perfect way
That leads to *Ioues* tribunall dignity;
Ill haſt thou gouern'd thy proſperity,
That canſt not ſmile in meere aduerſity.
Looke vppon me (the pooreſt ſlaue in ſhew,
That euer fortune buried in miſhappe:)
Yet this is Natures richeſt Iewell-houſe
And teacheth me to weepe at all your wants.
Phil. Why, thou art farre more wretcheder then wee,
How canſt thou teach vs then tranquillity?
Chri. See'ſt thou this poore and naked bozome heere?
Doſt thou behold this ſcorn'd vncouered head?
When thou waſt rich and Peereleſſe in thy pride,
Content did neuer harbour in thy breſt,
Nor ere had lou:, her reſidence in thee,
(I meane the loue of perfect happineſſe)
But skilleſſe grudging from a haughty ſpirit
Did blind thy ſences with a ſlender merit.
Whil'ſt I (poore man) not ſubiect to ſuch thought
Gaue entertaine to thoſe ſweet bleſſed babes,
Which Sapience brought from Wiſedomes holy breſt,
And thought me rich to haue their company.
By nurſing them in Peace I ſhun'd all Sloth,
Nor yet did *Plenty* make me prodigall:
Pride I abhor'd and term'd the Beggers ſhield:
Nor euer did baſe *Enuie* touch my heart.
Yet alwayes loou'd to beare (as *Solon* ſed,)
A Turtles eye within an Aſpicks head:
Nor could the rattling fury of fierce warre
Aſtoniſh me more then the mid-night clock,
The Trumpetter to Contemplation:
For *Pouerty*, I ſhake her by the hand,
As welcome Lady to this wofull Land.

Man. How might we tread the path's to happy ends,
Since foes to Learning are not Vertues friends.
Chri. Firſt entertaine ſubmiſſion in your ſoules
To frame true concord in one vnity.
Behold the faire proportion of a man,
Whome heauens haue created ſo compleate;
Yet if the arme make warre againſt the head,
Or that the heart rebell againſt the braine,
This elementall bodie (thus compact,)
Is but a ſcattred *Chaos* of reuenge;
Your lawes appoincted to be poſitiue,
(By *Warre* confounded) muſt be brought againe.
For law is that which Loue and Peace maintaine.
Phili. Thou Sonne of knowledge(richer then a man)
We cenſure thy aduiſe as oracles.
Chri. Follow,and Ile inſtruct you what I can:
Ma.,,We followed beaſts before but now a man.

Exeunt.

Enter Fourcher; Vourcher, Lyon-raſh,and Velure.

Four. O Heauens powring high-pryzd fauours forth,
Like to the honny dew that ſweetes the Léaues,
Once ſend vs *Peace*, that faireſt Palme-crownd Queene.
Vour. *Ruine* and *Warre* the precedents of Wrath,
That crop't the fifty Sonnes of *Hecuba*,
Haue rid their circuire through this fertile ſoyle,
And quite tranſform'd it to a Wilderneſſe.
Vel. Come let vs ſit and mourne with ſad laments,
The heauy burdens of our diſcontents.
Lyon. To waile our want let ſpeaking ſlacke the paine,
For words of griefe diuide the griefe in twaine.
Vel. Our Shops(ſometimes)were ſtuft with cloath of gold,
But *Warre* hath emptied them,and Spyders build
Their Cob-web-tents;weauing foule duſty lawne
For poore woe-working *Pouerty* to weare.
Four. O woes!behold our poore diſtreſſed wiues,

Enter

Enter Perpetuana and Filiſſella.

Perp. From *Pouerty* to *Famine*, worſe and worſe
Fili. The ſcurge of *Pride*, and Heauens deteſted curſe.
Perp. Wher's that exceſſe conſum'd vpon the back?
Fili. Sincke downe to Hell whil'ſt hunger feeles the lacke.
Perp. Who now will pity vs, that ſcorn'd the poore?
Fili. Pitty is paſt when *Peace* is out of doore.
Perp. Drincke thou my teares and I will drinke vp thine,
For nought but teares is miſeries ſalt wine.
Fill. We that haue ſcornd to dreſſe our meate our ſelues,
Now would be glad if we had meate to dreſſe.
Perp. And if Lament were remedie for want
Their cates weare courſe that in Lament were ſcant,
Lyon. Comfort ſweete wife, ill laſts not alwaies ſo:
And good (ſome-times) makes end of lingring woe.
Perp. My griefe is thine,
Lyon. And mine is moſt for thee.
Per. My care is thine.
Lyon. Be mine for thee and me. *Exeunt.*

Enter country ſeruing-men.

1. Faith *Pouerty* hath paid my wife on the petticoate.
2. From theſe deuowring woormes, eate men aliue,
And ſwallow vp whole Mannours at a bit
The whil'ſt our hungry bodies die for lacke,
And honeſt husbandy muſt goe to wracke.
1. Pray ſirs for *Peace*, that beſt may pleaſe vs all.
From cities *Pryde* the country takes his fall.
2. Tis Time, for plough-ſhares (now) are turned to bills,
Carte-horſes preſt to cary Caualliers,
True laboring ſeruants counted Souldiours ſlaues,
1. Though *Famine* hungerſtarue yet heauen ſaues.
Omn. Then let vs pray to heauen all for *Peace*.

For

For thence comes comfort, plenty and increaſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthaſt with his Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Poſt me no poſting; pay me the ſhot,
Yow liue by wit; but we muſt liue by mony.
Poſt. Goody ſharpe, be not ſo ſhort,
Ile pay you, when I giue you mony.
Hoſt. When you giue mee mony? goe to, Ile beare no Longer.
Poſt. What and be vnder fifty?

Enter Cunſtable.

Hoſt. Maiſter Cunſtable hoe, theſe *Players* wil not pay their ſhot.
Poſt. Faith ſir, *Warre* hath ſo pinch't vs we muſt pawne.
Cun. Alaſſe poore *Players*: hoſtis; what comes it to?
Hoſt. The Sharers dinners ſix pence a peece, the hirelings pence.
Poſt. What ſixepence an Egge, and two and two at an Egge.
Hoſt. Faith *Famine* affords no more.
Poſt. Fellowes bring out the hamper chooſe ſomew-what out o'th Stocke.

Enter the Players.

What will you haue this cloke to pawne,
what thinke you it's worth?
Hoſt. Some fower groats,
Oun. The pox is in this age, heer's a braue world fellowes.
Poſt. You may ſee what it is to laugh at the Audience.
Hoſt. Well it ſhall ſerue for a paune.

Exit Hoſteſſe.

Cun. Soft ſirs I muſt talke with you for taxe mony,
To releeue the poore, not a penny paid yet,
Poſt. Sir, (at few words we ſhar'd but xv. pence laſt weeke.
Cun, But tis well knowne, that each maintaines his *Puncke,*
And tauernes it with druncken ſuppers ſtill.
Omn. Alaſſe they are our wiues,
Cun. Yee are not all married.
Poſt. Who are not are glad to bring ſuch as they can get,
Belſ. Before Ile giue ſuch a preſident, Ile leaue playing.
Gul. Faith and I too: Ile rather fal to worke.
Poſt. Fall to worke after playing vnpoſſible.
Cun. Sirs, will you here the truth.
Gut. Sir you may chooſe,
Cun. But you muſt all chooſe
Whither youle be ſhipt and ſet a ſhore no man
Knowes where as the *Romaines* did:
Or play for the maintenance of the poore;
And your ſelues kept like honeſt men.
Omn. We chooſe neither.
Poſt, Sauing your ſad tale, will you take a pot or two.
Cun. The dearth of Malt denies it
Clou. Its a hard world if the Conſtable diſpiſe it.
Gulſ. Muſt we be ſhipt in earneſt,
Or doe you make vs Sheepe in ieaſt,
Cun. Ecce ſignum.
Poſt. Cunſtable doe you know what you doe.
Cun. I, baniſh idle fellowes out o'th'land,
Belſ. Why Cunſtable doe you know what you ſee.
Cun, I, I ſee a Madge howlet: and ſhe ſees not ſee.
Poſt. Know you our credit with Sir *Oliuer*?
Cun. True, but your boaſting hath crakt it, (I feare.)
Gut. Faith I muſt fall to making fidle ſtrings againe.
Bleſ. And I to curle horſe tailes to make fooles beards.
Poſt. Ile boldy fall to ballading againe,

Cunſt.

Cunſt. Sirs, thoſe proulſoes will not ſerue the turne,
What hoe, Saylers, ſhip away theſe players.

Enter Saylers.

Sayl. The winde blowes faire, and we are ready ſir.
Cunſt. No matter where it blowes; away with them.
Poſt. It's an ill winde blowes a man thus cleane out of ballading. *Exeunt.*

Enter Peace, *Bacchus, Ceres, and Plenty, bearing the* Cornu copiæ, *at the one doore: At the other* Ponerty, *with her attendants; who beholding* Peace *approach, vaniſh.*

Peace. *Bondage*, wan *Sickneſſe*, and bare Ponerty,
Vaniſh like clowds before the Eaſterne light,
Now Peace appeares, hence all to endleſſe night,
And you deiected ſpirits, cruſht with want,
Mount vp your mindes vnto the faireſt hope,
Neede hath nurſt *Peace* within your *Horoſcope*,
The warme reflexion of whoſe cheering beames,
Makes you as rich as bright *Pactolus* ſtreames.
Shine plentuous Bountie, crowne the naked world,
With odourous wreaths of thy aboundant ſweetes,
Laborious *Artizanes*, now buſtle vp,
Your drouping ſpirits with alacritie.
Peace giues your toyling ſweat a due regard,
Crowning your labour with a rich reward.
Ceres be lauiſh, *Bacchus* ſwell to brimme,
And all to *Peace* ſing a propitious himne,

They begin to ſing, and preſently ceaſe.

A Song,

With Lawrell ſhall our Altars flame,
In honour of thy ſacred name.

Enter Aſtræa vſhered by Fame, ſupported by Fortitude and Religion, followed by Virginity and Artes.

Peace. No more:
Be dumbe in huſht obſeruance at this ſight,
Heere comes *Amazements* obiect, wonders height,
Peaces patroneſſe, *Heauens* miracle,
Vertues honour, *Earths* admiration,
Chaſtities Crowne, *Iuſtice* perfection,
Whoſe traine is vnpolute *Virginity*,
Whoſe *Diadem* of bright immortall *Fame*,
Is burniſht with vnvalued reſpect,
Ineffable wonder of remoteſt lands;
Still ſway thy gratious Scepter, I reſigne;
What I am is by Thee, my ſelfe am thine,

Q. Eliza. Aſtræa *mounts vnto the Throne.*

Mount Empereſſe, whoſe praiſe for *Peace* ſhall mount,
Whoſe glory, which thy ſolid vertues wonne,
Shall honour *Europe* whil'ſt there ſhines a Sunne.
Crown'd with Heauens inward beauties, worlds applauſe,
Thron'd and repoſd within the louing feare
Of thy adoring Subiects: liue as long
As Time hath life, and *Fame* a worthy tongue.
Still breath out glory, the worlds *Empreſſe*,
Religions Gardian, *Peaces* patroneſſe;
Now flouriſh Arts, the Queene of *Peace* doth raigne,
Vertue triumph, now ſhee doth ſway the ſtemme,
Who giues to *Vertue*, honours Diadem.
All ſing *Pæans* to her ſacred worth,
Which none but Angels tongues can warble forth:
Yet ſing, for though we cannot light the Sunne,
Yet vtmoſt might hath kinde acceptance wonne.

Song:

Song.

Religion, Arts, and Merchandiſe,
triumph, triumph:
Aſtræa *rules, whoſe gracious eyes,*
triumph, triumph.
O're Vices *conqueſt, whoſe deſires,*
triumph, triumph:
Whoſe all to chiefeſt good aſpires,
then all triumph.

In the end of the Play.

Plenty,
Pride,
Enuy,
Warre, and
Pouerty.

} To enter and reſigne their ſeuerall Scepters to *Peace*, ſitting in Maieſtie.

not good

FINIS.

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